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So

Lori Aylsworth

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So
Lori Aylsworth

so
you're here again
playing a black piano
the melodies flow effortlessly from your hands
a clear and fluid stream of bright notes
that ripple into melodies
hauntingly familiar
songs that i half remember
and, given a word could almost sing them back to you
as an answer to the piercing glances
thrown at me with your music
instead, i stand
awkward and silent as a mute servant
held helpless
in the spell you continually weave